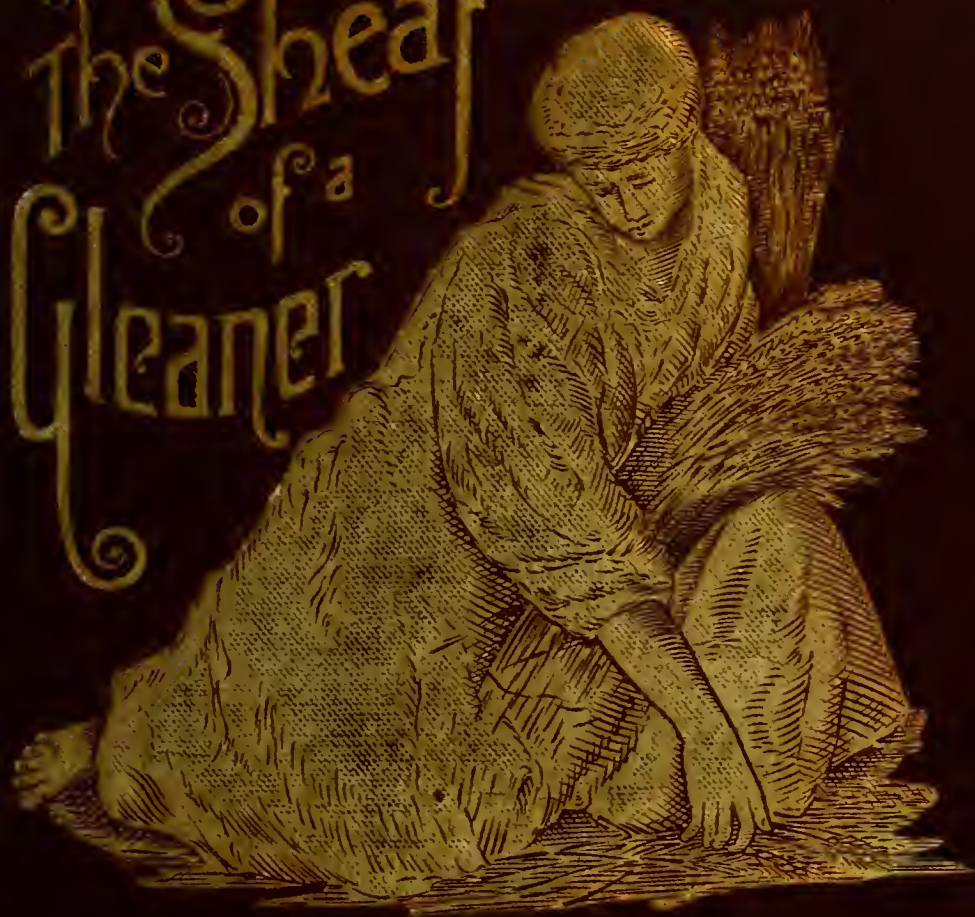


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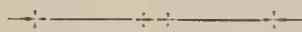
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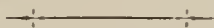
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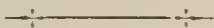
POEMS

BY

REBA BEEBE PRATT.



NIL DESPERANDUM.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH:
JOS. HYRUM PARRY & Co., PUBLISHERS.
1886.

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SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

REBA BEEBE PRATT was born April 1st, 1856, in Polk City, Polk County, Iowa, fifteen miles north of the capital, Des Moines. Her parents were George Beebe and Hester Ann Rogers Beebe; she was descended by her mother from John Rogers, the martyr of Smithfield, England; she also inherited French, Scotch and Irish blood, but for all that is fully an American by birth and principle.

Her parents were members of the "Mormon" Church; when driven from Nauvoo they stopped in Iowa for the winter, but remained several years.

It has been said of Reba, "she came in the meridian of time," for, like Edward E. Hale, she had the good luck to be born in the middle of a large family.

In the spring of 1859, she crossed the plains with her parents on a visit to Utah; they returned to Iowa the next year and did not locate permanently in Utah until 1876. She still remembers incidents of that journey.

Her father's house was the home of the Elders. In every way possible he helped to advance the cause of the Gospel; Reba was early taught its principles, and December 4th, 1869, was baptised by Elder Moroni L. Pratt. On the 23rd of December, 1869, her eldest brother died after a lingering illness; that was the first grief she had known.

The location of her home was all that could be desired, in the wild woods around there grew almost every variety of fruit and nuts in abundance; her heart delighted in nature and she passed many happy hours gathering wild flowers and specimens of shells and stones along the banks of the clear streams of water. In winter there was coasting, and sleighing, and skating, and all the sports that the season affords. When the snow lay too deep for walking to school, her father would take a large sleigh, and placing them all snugly in with a liberal sized basket of dough-nuts, mince-pies and other good things that make one hungry to think of, and taking in the children on the way, off to school they merrily would go, returning in the same manner in the evening. In one heart at least, those memories of the old home will always remain fresh and tender.

Reba was industrious and ambitious; learning to sew and read before five years of age, when she was sent to an elderly maiden's school, her earliest recollections of which are mingled with the sound of the fife and the drum. The soldiers were drilling for the war of the Rebellion. She has a distinct remembrance of the return of the boys in "tattered blue," and of the grief of parents and friends for those who never came back.

She early showed a fondness for literary pursuits, although her first attempt at reciting was a failure, she having forgotten whether the subject of her little piece was a cat or a dog. The subject of her first written poetry was the occasion of her being lost, with others, when blackberrying in the woods. She was then eight years of age.

She was very desirous of learning, making rapid progress in her classes, her favorite studies being com-

position and rhetoric, physiology and anatomy. She was marked one hundred when examined in the latter studies; and had she been allowed to follow her own inclination, she would have become a doctor; furthermore, had she followed the inclination of others, she would have become a doctor's wife. She received a teacher's first-class certificate when only sixteen years of age, and taught her first school in a country district two miles from home; many of the pupils being much older than herself. She afterward taught for more than a year in the graded school of her native town. She derived much pleasure from teaching, and her manner of government and instruction seemed to give general satisfaction.

She was a member of the Lyceum for several years, taking active part in the debates and exercises, and holding different offices in the society.

When seventeen years of age, she was offered the position of editor of a department of one of the leading papers published at Des Moines, but her parents considered her too young to accept.

Although not of a serious nature, Reba was an earnest student of the Bible, having great faith in its teachings and in her Creator. She was a teacher for several years in sectarian Sabbath schools, and if she taught her class the Scriptures according to her understanding, by the light of the Gospel as comprehended by the Latter-day Saints, it is to be hoped that none of them have been worse for it since. Wherever she was known in her native state, it was known that she was a "Mormon," but never did she receive the first act of discourtesy or ill treatment on that account.

When she had completed the studies of the High

School, her ambition was not satisfied—she longed for greater knowledge. In the year 1873 her dreams of college were realized. She passed the happiest year of her life at the Iowa State Agricultural College, where her desires for knowledge found ample opportunity for gratification, and the association with so many happy, intelligent schoolmates and friends was a constant source of pleasure. She became a member of the Philomatheon Literary Society, and was chosen to act in different positions of honor; with another member she represented their society on the editorial staff of a paper published by the four college societies at the Ames Printing Office. She was sometimes a participator in mischief, but that is a natural part of college life when there are students who are in possession of more than the average of insuppressible human nature. She was chosen by the young ladies as their section captain; she was always ready to wait upon them in sickness, and seemed to take such satisfaction in dosing them that they gave her the title of “Doctor” by which she was known almost entirely in their private associations; the young men sent to her for perscriptions for affections of the heart and imaginary mental ailments; she was never known to lose a case.

Her ready pencil put many a passing event and frolic into rhyme which afforded much amusement, but doubtless were forgotten as easily as they were written. Although remaining there but one school year, she gained information and formed useful habits that have been of lasting benefit to her.

After her return home in 1874, she was stricken by typhoid fever. Her healthy constitution soon overcame the disease, but a younger sister, fourteen years of age,

died after only nine days' illness. That was Reba's first great sorrow; and from that time there rested over the household a cloud of sadness that never changed. She passed the Winter at home, but, rather unexpectedly, in February started on a journey to Utah, arriving in Salt Lake City March 4th, 1875. She had two sisters residing in Salt Lake City, and one in Sugar House Ward, whom she visited. She also went to Provo to see her grand-parents, David W. and Martha Rogers, who had lived to a very advanced age. Again longing for school she decided to attend the Deseret University for a semester; she enjoyed her studies there and formed many pleasant associations.

She visited friends and relatives in many of the settlements in the summer, and in the fall spent a week traveling through different cañons and valleys, thus becoming, in part, acquainted with the land of her adoption. After living in a country of only rolling hills she was naturally delighted with the beauty and granduer of mountain scenery.

She went to Farmington to reside, and there taught school until obliged to cease on account of sickness; she made many friends there, whose kindness she will always remember. She returned to Salt Lake City in the latter part of December, and January 10th, 1876, was married to Alma Pratt, and went to live two miles south of the city, in what is now known as Farmer's Ward.

Mrs. Pratt is the mother of two sons and three daughters, the eldest being now ten years of age, and the youngest three. When her health would permit she has taken an active part in the Ward, filling at different times the offices of Primary Counselor and President of

both Primary and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations.

Those readers of Mrs. Pratt's poems who should suppose from their tone that her mind is of a gloomy or despondent cast would be curiously mistaken. She is exceedingly humorous, and has a great delight in fun and pleasantries. Cheerfulness is habitual with her; she is very ready at a sally or reply, and in her laugh there is an unusual vivacity, enjoyment and sense of drollery.

October 24th, 1878, she received an injury to her spine, which, at times, has caused her much suffering, and has prostrated her for months; but the strong vitality of her constitution, and the care and faith of her loving friends had helped her to gain strength enough to be around with crutches until August 21st, 1884, when she underwent an operation for internal spinal abscess, from which she never recovered sufficiently to stand or step alone. June 19th, 1886, she underwent another operation on external spinal abscesses. In all this time, her wonted cheerfulness never quitted her. In all this time, not an impatient or querulous minute can be remembered.

She has many attentive friends for whose kindness her gratitude is unbounded, she fully believes that without their faith and care she could not have endured the trials and pains of her affliction. As a small return for their kindness she has consented to publish some of the verses written during the time that she has been an invalid. Her book is not open to criticism, and did the readers but know the circumstances under which many of the pieces were composed they would overlook its imperfections.

SARAH JANE CANNON.

August 18, 1886.

P R E F A C E .

THE contents of this Volume, with few exceptions, have been composed while the Author was prostrated by affliction during the past two years.

These verses were not written with any expectation of publication, their mission was thought to be fulfilled when they afforded transitory relief to suffering; it is by the urgent persuasion of friends that the author has consented to publish them.

If an apology be due, it must come from those who are responsible for this volume being placed before the public.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE field of knowledge extends broad and wide,
But encompassed about every side;
Oh, few are the harvesters therein seen,
But many are waiting without to glean.

The workers came early, but found us there,
More light, more light, was our morning prayer;
Give us, oh, give us, as outside we wait,
The golden key that will open the gate.

We envy the idlers loitering in,
Who go from duty, not sheaves to win;
They can realize not for us, I ween,
How our craving intellects long to glean.

I came at dawn, I am gleaning at noon,
My sheaf shall be full if strength be my boon;
May God help me say, when sets my life's sun,
This world is better for what I have done.

Sincere friends who love me, 'tis my belief,
Will receive with pleasure my unbound sheaf:
And shield from critics my garnered store,
They've the harvesters' sheaves—go thresh those o'er.

If some weary mind herein shall find rest,
If these words comfort a sorrowing breast,
If some burdened heart is lighter made,
My efforts will then thrice times be repaid.

THE SHEAF OF A GLEANER.

MY MOTHER'S FLOWERS.

WITHIN my quiet shaded room
I sit as oft I've sat before,
The day that fades to twilight's gloom
Has brought no kind friend to my door;
And yet I'm not alone to-night:
The memories of long past hours
Are with me here in presence bright,
Recalled by mother's gift of flowers.

How oft her flowers in years gone by
Have marked events as hours mark time,
They came when hopes of life were high,
They came when pleasure bells did chime;
And when unto our household band
God sent this blessed girl of ours,
Within the little stranger's hand
They placed my mother's tiny flowers.

When accident brought bitter pain,
When grief had bowed my aching head,
Like balm those flowers came once again,
Bedewed with tears a sister shed.

To-night as memory draws near,
And keen the pangs of mortal powers,
I feel that life is made less drear
By mother's love and mother's flowers.

When comes to me the longed for rest,
When the chord of life is broken,
May gentle hands place on my breast
Of mortal love this purest token.
When sunshine dispels winter's gloom,
When Flora reigns in summer bowers,
May true friends place upon my tomb
A wreath of mother's fairest flowers.

July 28th, 1880.



ONE SABBATH DAY.

ONE Sabbath day as clear and fair
The sun illum'd the morning air,
And sent its warming rays aglow
To 'waken Nature's sleep below,
The plant germs with new life did swell
To break the winter's dormant spell.

A light that seemed earth to renew
Came shining through my window too,
So glad were we to see it then
We smiled a welcome back again,
And opened wide the half closed door
That it might enter yet still more.

When quietly alone I lay,
Enjoying well the pleasant day,
Outside I heard the glad birds sing
A chorus to returning spring,
And their notes, with tuneful thrill,
The day's completeness seemed to fill.

As the birds so gaily singing,
Swayed and chimed like joy bells ringing,
A shot was heard, the warblers fled,
But one lay in the dry leaves dead;
They came to chant a mournful tune,
Then sang no more that afternoon.



“AULD LANG SYNE.”

AGAIN I cast my glances o'er
The school-room where, as oft of yore,
Examples, rules and theorems too,
Have bothered me and puzzled you.

From desk to desk—still strewn as then
With books, slates, paper, ink and pen—
The teacher's kind familiar face
Appears again in its old place.

The play-ground and the shade trees tall
Bring memories sweet to recall,
And the brook, where we used to play,
Unchanged by time flows on its way.

Barefooted boys, same as of yore,
Play ball and marbles near the door,
Fair girls are swinging 'neath the tree,
But few are there that used to be.

The worn clock ticking on the wall
Soon brings the time of recess call,
And scholars come in, one by one,
Take up their books and drop their fun.

Dear school-room, I bid you adieu,
But I shall long remember you,
And the happy hours I've spent here
With teachers, books, and school-mates dear.

Weeks, months, and years with time may go,
Happy scholars thy pleasures know,
But none will cherish more joys of thine
Than she who writes of "Auld Lang Syne."



SWEET ORALIE.

SHE came in the Fall,
When the birds sang to tell
Their welcoming call.
Must be a farewell.

"The dear little darling,"
Whispered Parker to me,
"The blackbirds are singing
Name her Oralie."

PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.

SOME people will strongly enough insist
Platonic friendships can never exist;
Now I was more free than that in my views—
I knew I could have such friends if I chose,
And proof of the theory which I did defend
I would demonstrate fully as some young man's friend.

I had known a young man in Learning's Hall,
Being my senior don't matter at all;
We were only college-mates at that time
Who met in the class when the bell would chime;
I remember once in a siege of damp weather
In chapel at "Social" we chatted together.

Vacation came, and when home I returned,
That young man was teaching at Granger I learned,
He being a stranger we thought it right
To invite him home on Saturday night;
He came, and so pleasant were the hours we did spend,
I decided on being his Platonic friend.

So often to meeting and concerts we went,
He seemed to enjoy the time that we spent;
I must admit that it gave me delight
To demonstrate my theory was right:
For never had he by kindest look or sweet tone,
A single symptom of love for me shown.

The winter was over, then lovely spring,
The time for bird's cooing and wooing, did bring

One day as I sang in fancy so free,
A carrier bird with a letter to me:
I read, and my fond hopes of such friendship in men
Were quickly shattered, ne'er to be cherished again.

I re-read his letter, how he never would dare
To ask me his name and future to share,
But that my actions so plainly had shown
My feelings reciprocated his own;
Most ungrateful wretch, what a strange letter to send
A school-mate, who was only his Platonic friend.

Why was it? A reason I never could find,
Unless the spring season had softened his mind,
And he from birds caught the fever to mate,
All that I do know are the facts I state;
The theory no doubt will hold good to the end
Tho' I erred when I chose a Platonic friend.



ALBUM LINES.

OPEN, Time, the door of manhood
For my friend to enter in,
He is waiting on the threshold
Eager life's work to begin;
He is looking in the Future
To the life beyond the door,
And regrets not days departed,
Though his youth returns no more.

He has sought the ways of Wisdom,
Tarried long in Learning's Hall,
Teach him, Time—thy experience
Is the truest school of all.
Teach him that his guardian angel
Watches near, though life be long,
That the still small voice of conscience
Judges best 'tween right and wrong.
Open, Time, the "book of Nature"
With its parts one mighty whole,
There is only one book greater,
May it educate his soul.
Honor father, honor mother,
Honor mankind everywhere,
Let his faith in the Creator
Be his watchword and his prayer;
May he learn—when dissolution
Change the soul and body blending,
There is still a great progression:
Life Eternal, never ending.



THOUGHTS ON PIONEER DAY, 1880.

PIONEER Day! all hail thy light!
From north to south through valleys free,
The Saints who dwell in peace and right
Should honor and remember thee;
For Liberty has here held sway
Since thirty-three years past to-day,
When exiled Saints, a pilgrim band,
Came seeking in this western wild,

A refuge from their native land —
A place of worship undefiled;
Where they might keep in peaceful ways
The gospel laws of latter days.

Pioneer Saints! The tried and true!
We honor thee on this great day,
We honor those who led thee through
The countless perils on thy way;
But our souls' homage is given
To God, who rules the earth and Heaven,
Who heard thy prayers on Illinois' plain
When homeless and thy Prophet slain,
When the nation denied a helping hand,
He brought thee to a promised land,
A land well blest through all these years,
The home of faithful pioneers.

America! most favored land —
To thee a priceless boon was given:
Redemption! from the Master hand
A treasure of the courts of Heaven,
Far reaching, back into the Past,
Through Future years until the last;
But you have spurned the gift Divine,
You've scorned the message from on High,
You've martyred loyal sons of thine
Who dared for truth to live and die.
Columbia! thy shield once bright,
Is stained by deeds as dark as night.

Home of the Saints! far o'er the sea
The oppressed of nations look to thee,

And looking, feel there's freedom yet
Within the vales of Deseret,
To worship God and serve Him too,
As conscience dictates them to do;
Where temples lift their spires on high,
Man 's exalted—angels draw nigh;
Where all shall know as they are known,
When Christ shall come to claim His own,
Where, when Earth's Jubilee comes, again
The Saints as one shall shout Amen!



A VALENTINE—TO ALMA.

WE'VE learned life's earnest lessons well
Through all the years now passed away,
Since first I gave my "troth" to you,
One happy cloudless summer's day.
The course of love that never ran
For mortal lovers easy,
Too often for us went astray
When Cupid's moods were breezy.
But after all—what matter now?
Those fitful squalls were ended
One calm day when we took the vow
That our two fates has blended;
Through weal or woe in years to come
We have pledged to stand together.
The sun has shone upon our home,
We have had our stormy weather!

The Power that rules us from above,
Has tempered well our grief with joys,
The hand that chastens whom He loves
Also gave us our girls and boys;
Thus four-fold blest by ties that bind
Our lives to life and each other,
May we our greatest comfort find
In the duties of father and mother:
May we be spared to lead aright
Their little feet in paths of truth,
Our counsel prove a beacon light
To guide them through the days of youth;
In years of change that come and go,
Though oft by duty called to roam,
May we our dearest pleasures know
In family unity at home.



“ONLY A TOKEN.”

YOUR mother has been here to-day, dear friend,
This autograph album she placed in my hand,
“Only a token,” said she, “I shall send
As a gift to the dear absent one of my band.”
Yet when she had gone there tarried the thought
How much may be given in “only a token;”
With emblems of love this gift shall be fraught
More dear in the Future than words that are spoken.
Thoughts herein written unchanging shall live
Long after earth's ties for the writers are broken,
Like a voice from the Past comfort they'll give,
When all that remains will be “only a token.”

TAE "ROONIE."

YEST'REEN when ye had gane tae bed,
An t'were e'en time that ilka head
 Had cuddled doon,
I didna muckle sleep mysel',
The reason why I fain would tell
 Wi' mony a froon.

A' how my mate an' yer wife tae,
Betho't themsel's a'e chair maun dae
 Tae sit them in,
Adoon they sat, oh! unca sicht,
Fernent me, an' I had nae micht
 Tae stop such sin.

I wot ye o'ot tae ken yer sel',
But best perhap I may na' tell,
 Aye well a day!
For whilst a lassie, cannie an' fair,
I mind me oft how ane same chair
 Has held we twa.

Aye Roonie, in this warl of cair
We've muckle trouble licht as air
 We canna smother;
Then dinna mind what's in a rhyme
I write ye, bide anither time
 Tae comfort ane anither.

THE BEES.

I.

HEAR the humming of the bees—

Happy bees!

What a life of joy they know, 'mid the flowers and the
trees!

How they hum, hum, hum,

In the balmy air of day!

While the rays of sunshine come

Warming plant germs so long numb,

Hasting wintry storms away!

Giving life, life, life,

To the flowers with honey rife,

And a hope of hoarded sweetness that it in the future sees

From the bees, bees, bees, bees,

Bees, bees, bees—

From the coming and the humming of the bees.

II.

Hear the working of the bees—

Busy bees!

What a store of honey in the blossoms on the trees!

All the pleasant summer day,

How they pass the time away,

From the petals of the bloom

Gathering sweet;

How they hoard the rare perfume,

Till the queen matured, from her waxen room

Comes forth to eat!

Oh, from out the perfect cells,

What a gush of richness for her wells!

How she sips,
With her lips,
From the nectar! How she sees,
With a regent's lofty ease,
To the soaring and the storing
Of the bees, bees, bees—
Of the bees, bees, bees, bees,
Bees, bees, bees—
To the coming and the humming of the bees!

III.

Hear the swarming of the bees—
Angry bees!
What a terror mankind feels when he flees,
In the heated air of noon,
Striving hard for freedom's boon,
'Mid the noise of hiving ding,
They can only sting, sting,
Out of spite;
What a ringing and a dinging for the hiving of the bees,
Quickly show'ring them with water as they swarm among
the trees,
Flying higher, higher, higher,
With a buzz of vengeful ire
And a desperate endeavor—
Now—now to fly forever,
Far from the sight.
Oh, the bees, bees, bees,
Naught can now their rage appease;
In despair,
How they hum and buzz and sting!
What a horror to us bring,
Darting through the mid-day air!

Yet the air it clearly shows
By the ringing
And the dinging,
How the hiving onward goes,
And the ear most plainly hears
By the pounding
And the sounding,
How the hiving now appears,
By the buzzing and the stinging in the anger of the bees,
Of the bees —
Of the bees, bees, bees, bees,
Bees, bees, bees —
In the driving and the hiving of the bees.

IV.

Hear the droning of the bees—
Captive bees!
Sadly sighs the winds of winter through the leafless trees!
'Mid the drifts of fallen snow,
That the blast sweeps to and fro
In their hives they dwell alone!
And the dreary sounds that come,
In that slow monotonous hum,
Are like a moan;
And the hummers—Ah, the hummers—
They that stored the sweets in summers
Long ago,
And who droning, droning, droning,
In that dolesome undertone,
Feel a sadness in bemoaning
Pleasures that are past and gone—
They are pining to be soaring—
They are longing for the lowering—
Of the snow;

And their queen it is condones,
As she drones, drones, drones, drones,
A lament for the bees!
For the bees, bees, bees,
For the doling and consoling of the bees.



SWEET VIOLETS.

SWEET violets, as thy perfume,
With purest fragrance fills my room,
My thoughts would gladly homage pay
To thee, a source of joy to-day.

Not for thy beauty nor thy size
Do we thy gentle presence prize,
But for thy rare and sweet perfume,
The heritage of lowly bloom.

We think thou art a dainty thing
When 'wakened by the early spring,
We turn to thy sweet-smelling powers
When tired of summer's gaudy flowers.

But fairer yet thy blossoms grow
When found beneath the winter's snow,
And thy pure fragrance light and free,
Seems far sweeter then to be.

Thou shalt stay near with pleasure rife
Till thou hast lived thy short sweet life,
So pure the mission thou dost fill,
Thy memory shall be cherished still.

A FRIEN' INDEED.

WHEN ilka body gang awa'
 An' left me here alane,
Tae seek for pleasure gayer far
 Than in our hame is known;
When the bairnes cam tae my bedside
 And there was nane to tend,
I didna ken in the warl wide,
 Wha'r tae seek a true frien.'

But He wha kens our trials a',
 An' why it is the like they be,
Wha notes aboon the sparrow's fa',
 E'en so remembered me,
An' sent untae my lonely hame,
 Tae bide a wee wi' us that day,
Ane wha from far-off Scotland came,
 A bonnie sister, Jane McK —.

An weel she wrought tae gie me rest,
 Hersel' could feel o'or utmost need,
She cheered when muckle cark oppress'd,
 The whilst she were a frien' indeed;
When aft'n weary I gien up
 Quit'n the frolic wi' a froom,
She'd fetch the bairnes all their sup
 And cuddle wee sma' Parkie doon.

She staid beside me many an hour,
 An' muckle good she done for me,

Aye! had my faulty pen the power,
I'd justice gie tae such as she;
May o'or Father aboon hear my prayer:
That each act so freely given,
Tae afflicted folk tae lighten care,
Add tae her treasures in heaven.



THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL sweetheart, for we must part,
My country calls and I must go,
It almost breaks my aching heart
To think that I must leave you so ;
But cheer up, darling, do not weep,
The parting may not be for years,
'Twere hard for me, sweetheart, to keep
Back from my eyes the burning tears.

Farewell, sweetheart, never again
My lips may press your fair pure brow,
Grant me one simple favor then —
Give me the curl that rests there now;
And, sweetheart, take this plain gold ring,
Ne'er part with it to any one,
Once more to you my steps 'twill bring
When I my country's work have done.

They parted—he soon marched away
To sound of music-beating drum,
But not for him that life was gay,
His face was sad, his lips were dumb;

And she to bitter grief gave way —
To pleading friends she would not yield,
Until there came one winter's day
A letter from the battle field.

He wrote her of a soldier's life,
The marching and battle-field din,
Many had fallen in the strife,
No matter, so his country win;
His cheerful words allayed her fears,
He many loving thoughts did tell,
Joy filled her heart and dried her tears,
Farewell, sweetheart, once more farewell.

Alas! for life — Alas! for love,
Ere yet her lips those words had read,
His spirit found a Home above,
His body on the field lay dead;
When comrades sought their missing band
And bore his body hence from there,
Within his cold, closely clasped hand
They found a curl of golden hair.

The days had counted into months,
The months were lengthening into years,
And having heard from him but once
In grief did flow her bitter tears;
Silence she could no longer bear,
She bade farewell to friends and home,
Then sought the bloody scenes of war —
A wanderer henceforth to roam.

They saw her on the battle plain
Where noble men were stricken low,
She bent above the fallen slain
Then wandered on with looks of woe;
Sometimes through Southern prison bars
They saw her gaze with searching care,
As naught to her were stripes and stars—
Her grief was sacred everywhere.

The wicked war at last was o'er,
Her parents dead, her friends forgot,
Yet still her footsteps sought once more
Each lonely grave and burial spot;
With eagerness she read the names
But never found the one she sought,
Her locks were gray, bowed was her frame,
By grief sad changes had been wrought.

Her country with a careless hand
Ingratitude most cruel gave,
She died a pauper in the land
Her lover shed his blood to save;
From her cold hand they took the ring,
Strangers alone looked on her face,
That, which to her true love should bring,
They sold to buy her resting place.

Thus, they who had loved in youth,
The soldier brave and true sweetheart,
Without one friend their grief to soothe
Died among strangers far apart,

Now happy in that better home
The ills of life for them are past,
No more her weary steps shall roam,
For love has found its own at last.



A PARODY,

WHEN the little children gather
In their gran'ma's room up stairs,
You would think to hear the clamor
There were half a dozen pairs;
Here below I press the pillow
Of affliction's lowly bed,
As I listen to the clatter
Of the children overhead.

Every pounding up above me
Has an echo here below,
While it seems a thousand echoes
'Round my bed together go;
And a thousand other rackets
Add their noise to make it more,
While I listen to the frolic
Of the children on the floor.

There ofttimes will come their cousins,
As in days that are agone,
Till it seems that several dozens
Of abettors had come on;

As I hear them scampering o'er me,
I can scarce believe such noise
Could be made by one small "girlie,"
And three harmless little boys.

There my little chubby daughter,
With her curls of tangled hair,
And her slender, nimble brother—
A well-matched, mischevous pair,
Tumble on their gran'ma's carpet,
With a scramble and a roar,
Adding to the general clamor
Of the children on the floor.

There is naught in rackets' regions,
Can that noisy din excel,
When it strikes my aching senses,
And its echoes 'round me swell,
As that medley of confusion,
Oft repeated o'er and o'er,
That is made by the small children,
On their gran'ma's upper floor.



TO A FRIEND.

How often my thoughts when free from dull care
Are quickened by love, and on wings light as air,
Soar back to the Past where affection's dew
Keeps fresh the flowers of recollection for you;

How often are culled the fairest and best
To cheer my lone heart by life's burdens oppressed,
Like "Flowers of Feeling" they constantly bloom,
Oh! bright are their colors and sweet their perfume.

Some of them recall a fair summer day,
A cool sparkling spring where we dwelt by the way,
Grand mountains each side, a sky clear and blue—
O, can you remember that summer day too?
I oft close my eyes to life's care and din,
And think of its chapter that day did begin
When friendship and love both wrote there a name—
If only that chapter might end just the same.

Gently the flowers of recollection tell
That friendship was yours, I have treasured it well,
Each grasp of your hand, each glance of your eye,
Has strengthened its bonds as the years have gone by;
The perfume of those flowers lingers near me
A reminder of days when happy and free,
We found sweet converse together—Oh when
Shall we ever know such communion again.

Thus thought, as she culls for me the fair flowers,
Has lead me away from life's sorrowful hours,
Once more I enjoy the scenes of the Past,
O that such happy dreams forever could last;
On the tablets of memory are traced
Each curve of your form and each line of your face,
As I gaze on the picture I fancy I hear
The sweet tones of your voice so full of good cheer.

Blest be your life as it always has been,
By health, home, and kindred and friends that you win,
Among those you cherish, a place I claim
For friendship's own sake, tho' unworthy the name;
Recalling my face when friends you review
May only sweet memories come back to you,
When you look on my life—early to fail—
Draw over your vision sweet Charity's veil.

On yonder hillside, where the weary find rest,
Are two lonely graves of those we loved best,
When you visit one, while lingering near,
Think of the other my memory holds dear;
Sometime perhaps when your footsteps there roam
I too shall be resting, my spirit gone home;
Think not of me in the cold silent tomb
But where recollection's flowers ever shall bloom.



TO A YOUNG LADY.

UPON this page so clear and fair
For friendship's sake these lines I write,
While true regard and tender care,
Inspire the thoughts that I indite.
Another year before you lies
Pure and unsullied on life's scroll,
May acts recorded as time flies
Dim not the purity of your soul.
When other years shall follow this,
Bringing fond hopes, as right they should,
May you secure life's perfect bliss
And develop in true womanhood.

TO MY HUSBAND ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

FAIR is the morn, a cloudless sky
 Portends an omen good for you—
May all your days, as each draws nigh,
 Dawn with a light as fair to view;
And o'er your horizon of life
 May sorrow's shadows ne'er appear,
Unless, like clouds, with rain drops rife,
 They come to bring a blessing here.

In nature's harvest on this day
 You've labored fifteen years or more,
And while the seasons passed away
 You viewed with pride your garnered store;
When in God's harvest-field of life
 You gather souls of humanity,
May you prove worthy in the strife
 To treasures ripening for eternity.

* * * * * *

'Tis sunset hour, a glow like gold
 Lights up the valley far and wide:
So may the future for you hold,
 A faith more bright than all beside;
May the prayer-sought blessings of your wife,
 Attend you in the years to come,
And in the sunset of your life,
 Guide your spirit to its native home.

TOO LATE.

WHAT care I to-night for repentance,
For love that is offered too late?
Think you in the years full of sorrow
My heart for such homage would wait?

Do not ask forgiveness and pardon,
'Twere bitter such words now to hear,
When once 'twould have given me gladness
To know that to you I was dear.

My heart was both loving and yielding,
You pierced it with scornful words then—
Think you that the flowers of feeling
Could spring into life there again?

My thoughts of you flowed in love's channel,
I hid not their course from your eyes;
I thought you were truthful and earnest—
Too late did I learn to be wise.

Enstamped is the scene of our parting,
On tablets of memory traced,
And your tears and regrets and pleading,
Can never that picture efface.

The fountain of love softly flowing
Was changed into bitterness then,
'Twere vain if you hoped this late wooing
Could bring back its sweetness again.

'Tis said that my name is now famous,
My life shall know brightness at last;
But you are too late with your praises,
Reminding me of a sad Past.

I cannot forget what you called me,
'Twas merely "a plain awkward thing,"
But the memory will embitter
Each offering that you may bring.

You say you have learned a sad lesson,
You love me and would know your fate—
'Tis well to have learned such a lesson,
But alas! you have learned it too late.



REFLECTIONS.

I AM alone! yet not alone,
Thanks be to Him, who gave to me
A mind where deepest thoughts are known,
With power to speak and set them free,
And talent that they may appear
In language pleasing to the ear.

Many an hour of solitude
Has proven one of joy to me,
I would not over trouble brood,
But let my whole thoughts wander free,
And on their journey they would find
Sweet crumbs of comfort for my mind.

By frequent visits to the past
My thoughts have brought from youth away,
Sweet memories that a halo cast
Over the sorrows of to-day;
My heart shall e'er most thankful be
To Him who gave that past to me.

Tho' life may now be dark and drear,
Its brightest sunshine I have known,
And all the blessings youth holds dear,
I once with joy could call my own;
Ambition's hopes for me were high,
They withered—God alone knows why.

'Twas years ere my lips learned to say,
"He doeth all things for the best,"
And tho' I know not why to-day
By sore affliction I'm oppressed,
I've learned my trust to place indeed,
In Him, who knows our utmost need.



ALMOST A ROMANCE.

SOMETHING romantic—you asked me to write,
I'm sorry Fancy's so idle to-night,
I cannot persuade the indolent muse,
So your gentle request—have to refuse.

But if you should desire to hear, perchance,
A story that nearly became romance,
I will let Fancy take her airy flight,
And faithful Fact shall be my muse to-night.

Well, once on a time, fully known to me,
In a western town that shall nameless be,
There dwelt a young maiden, slender and fair,
Much beloved by a youth with flaxen hair.

But their course of love ran roughly at best:
The young man was called to go farther west,
While the maiden away to school was sent,
That her mind on books might be intent.

When the sad moments of their parting came,
He swore to be true and she said the same;
They promised each other when far from sight
Sweetest letters of comfort they would write.

They parted next week, to college she went,
And wondered that no kind message was sent,
To cheer the way—or sustain her, you know,
For through trying scenes she would have to go.

Well, time moved along, though slow its paces
Its changes brought new friends and faces,
The friendship that promised to be so true
I regret to say met with changes too.

When life is young and volatile as air,
Such love must be nurtured with tender care,
Neglect it—and like the flowerets small,
It will wither and fade beyond recall.

She had ceased to think why he never wrote,
When, long months after, a brother's old coat
Brought forth to light, by accident revealed
A letter for her in the pocket concealed.

Her brother's regrets could never undo
What such neglect had done and distance too;
Was it destiny? many would call it so,
For it changed entirely two lives I know.

They met again when many years had flown,
But met as would strangers, who were unknown;
It might have been fate or might have been chance
That made this a story instead of romance.



THE PLEASURES OF DREAMLAND.

THE shadows have fallen, the lamp's alight,
The blinds, drawn closely to shut out the night,
I soon shall be off where I love to be,
Where pleasures of dreamland await for me.

Oh! beautiful land where care enters not,
Where trials and pains alike are forgot;
I hasten to go where the glad light gleams,
Where dwells forever the angel of dreams.

The angel brings there by his mystic art,
The friends of my youth, the loved of my heart;
Such comfort and joy their presence I feel,
Life seems but a dream and dreamland seems real.

Oh! land of sweet rest, I welcome the hour
When sleep bears me thither with soothing power,
For there I am happy, joyous and free,
No sickness nor sorrow enters with me.

ACROSTIC: PARKER BEEBE PRATT.
MARCH, 1880.

P ERMITTED to leave the spirit land
A nd in mortal body to join our band,
R ejoiced were we to welcome you here,
K indred child, by ties most dear,
E very day increases the joy,
R egard and love we have for our boy.

B orn to a world of trouble and care,
E ven this soon you have had a share,
E very tooth comes attended with pain,
B lendred with falls is each step you gain;
E fforts to talk seem almost in vain.

P rogression is sure though it be slow,
R emember this, Park, as older you grow,
A nd try again, success you shall know;
T ruthfully speak, heeding my appeal,
T hen peace of mind you always may feel.

Make high your mark still onward for right,
And strive to gain it in duty's light,
Regard your Maker, have faith in His might;
Conscience a guide to you He has given
Here on earth to lead you to heaven.

1880.

I.

One year already on time's page
Records for you the infant's age.

8.

When eight has told your childhood's days
You'll put aside the childish ways,
And as the years roll by forsooth,
May you enjoy the "sweets of youth."

18.

Time knows no rest, will none allow,
Eighteen years soon will crown your brow;
When that day comes may you erewhile
Be then as now, free from all guile;
Betimes, an occupation choose,
Calling noble thoughts into use.

80.

The seasons come and fleetly go
Bringing with age life's winter snow,
When locks of white shall deck your brow
May it be fair and pure as now;
When your work is done, with the blest
May you find sweet heavenly rest.

March 25, 1881, Birthday.



A STORY OF EASTER TIME.

YES, Easter is coming, and Lu, as you say,
"We hear many stories about Easter day;"
Now if you can listen, and don't have to go,
I will tell you an Easter Story I know.

The scene of the story was far, far, from here,
Where young men and girls in the same school appear;
Where a kind State had a college provided,
Where classes were same but pastimes divided.

“When was it?” why yes, the time you shall know.
'Tis queer now to think it was twelve years ago;
Yet she, who took part on that bright Easter day,
O'er the road of life, is now far on her way.

Often times from her lips, the story I've heard,
And listening I have remembered each word,
With pleasure I will offer the tale to tell,
Because there was no one who knew her so well.

It was Easter morn of a fair college day,
The boys were all happy, the girls were all gay,
And the Faculty felt no cause for alarm,
The students appeared too innocent for harm.

True is the old saying, “Still water runs deep,”
But still truer that girls a secret can keep,
Yet I do much wonder, that some little bird
Did not hear their secret, and tell what it heard.

The shadows of evening had fallen earth o'er,
Light had called in her beams and shut up the door;
'Twas no time for fun, I sadly aver it,
The gas had been lit from basement to turret.

But in one double room quite dimly it burned,
'Twould show a strange sight had it higher been turned,
For there on the table, spread out for a feast,
Were victuals enough for one score, at least.

And o'er the gas burner, so handy you know,
Hung a neat little kettle filled with cocoa;
The taffy was cooling, a policy stroke
Had opened the window to let out the smoke.

The clock moved so slowly, I really don't know
How it could face the scene and no faster go;
But patience is always rewarded at last,
The bell rang for ten, study hours were then past.

The janitor's whistle was heard in the hall,
Then darkness had there settled down like a pall;
The watchman went by with a slow measured tread,
The lights were all out, everybody in bed.

Then, pale as the moon when soft clouds intervene,
Shone a light that was in the double room seen,
And gliding therein, dimmest shadows in white
Assembled at the silent hour of midnight.

Then she who was hostess, with honors they chose her,
Read to them a note signed by "Basement Bruiser,"
Wherein it was stated, at that "mystic hour,"
A tribute had been sent to their "ladies' bower."

But fearing to cross where forbidden to rove,
They had placed the gift in the fountain alcove;
And who of the girls would be brave enough then
To bring safely the gift bestowed by the men?

A silence oppressive followed the letter,
Till some one thought of a way that was better,
So clustered together they cast for a lot
And she, whom I knew, the longest straw got.

Did she refuse? no indeed she was brave,
A caution to the rest her parting words gave;
And then like a spirit—minus any spark—
She passed through the door-way out into the dark.

How many weak knees there were trembling just then,
How many pale faces turned paler again;
With breath that was bated and lips that were mute;
The other girls waited the time to compute.

But she was the bravest who went forth alone,
Not a faltering step or tremor was shown,
As through the thick darkness for ten rooms or more,
She reached the alcove by Professor B.'s door.

By instinct she careful the corner did turn
But startled to see the professor's light burn,
Then trusting to fate, who is near at command,
She stepped in the alcove and reached out her hand.

O horror! what's that? 'tis haunted! the place,
For some one had caught her in an arm embrace;
And then a voice said—Oh! so tender and true—
“Here, Ida, is the basket I have brought you.”

Her name was not Ida, and it's a wonder
She didn't scream out and make a sad blunder,
But girls, such as she, almost always learn young
When it's proper to scream, when to hold their tongue.

No word had she spoken, he, who did press her,
Knew not her name, and had no way to guess her;
But she, having heard the soft tone of his voice,
Knew him, to be one of the Sophomore boys.

She found their present, then took Ida's basket,
It was answer enough — when he did ask it;
Then speeding away through the darkness of night,
I verily think she left him in a fright.

And quickly, more quickly than these words are said,
She had returned to their room with noiseless tread,
When she had told the girls of her exploit brave,
One united drawn breath of relief they gave.

But one certain maiden, with eyes black as coals,
Ducks her head in a pillow and on the bed rolls,
Then all of them knew without farther saying,
Which Ida it was, and what she'd been playing.

The baskets were there, and without more ado
The girls looked within and there contents soon knew,
In one packed in cotton, how those girls did laugh,
Were hot Easter eggs; near two score and a half.

Ida's basket, of course, they would confiscate,
But freely forgave, as its contents they ate;
For Charley had chosen what Ida liked best,
And what is sweet to one will suit all the rest.

What a supper they had — perched in odd places,
They drank cocoa from mugs, glasses and vases,
And they ate cakes and tarts and pies, what a treat!
How true that "bread eaten in secret is sweet."

Their joy was unclouded by shadows of care,
No need to be still when the captain was there;
Success in their pleasure led someone to say —
A strategist surely had planned it that way.

But lest I might weary you, Lu, with this tale,
I will close it at once, and let fall the veil
Of the Past over those days forever gone,
Whose memories are brighter than Easter dawn.



THE BURIED PEARL.

DREAMS often foretell us of future scenes,
Yet we relize not their power,
Till the time has rolled by that intervenes
And the future's the present hour.

I had a strange dream, I told it next day
To much amused friends around,
I dreamed that a father to me did say
"A subject for your pen I've found.

"A beautiful, pure little pearl was mine,
I buried it deep in the earth,
Nor yet saw so softly its light did shine,
'Twas a treasure of priceless worth.

"I knew not its value till gone from sight,
If my pearl I could find once more
'Twould inspire your mind a poem to write,
As you never have written before."

“Was it a jewel?” I turned to enquire,
But the father had passed from sight,
How such a strange theme my pen could inspire
I pondered upon all that night.

Time had moved along, when one Sabbath eve
A friend to me sadly did say—
“That father was mourning in deepest grief
For his dear child taken away.

“When I saw her la’id to rest,” she said,
“I thought of the pearl in your dream,
“We knew not how precious till she was dead,
Had been her lovely life’s gleam.”

I thought of the father’s words at that time
If my pearl we could find once more,”
Ah yes! ’twill be theme for a poem sublime
When they meet on the Heavenly shore.



JUDGE NOT.

IN THE ages long past, in another clime,
When the years were few as we now count,
We read in our Bible that once on a time
Jesus called his disciples upon the mount,
And as they were all gathered about him then
He taught the true Gospel of life unto men.

He told how the meek and the merciful too,
With the pure inherit the Kingdom of Heaven;
How good deeds and acts should ennoble the true,
Like unto the parable of the leaven;
That they should be placed as a light on a hill;
And he had come to them the laws to fulfill.

Calmly gazing upon the people around,
That made up a multitude mighty to see,
There the unjust and ungodly he found,
For none knew humanity better than he;
But he taught them all in a kind patient tone,
The gospel was not to the righteous alone.

He told them of their faults, their follies, and sin,
How some were growing self-righteous to be,
And taught them that first they should look within,
Before the errors of others they would see;
Told the fault-finding who charity begrudged,
That they should "Judge not that they be not judged."

Many years have flown, many changes been shown,
Since the time Jesus was on earth among men,
But the Gospel truths that His sermon made known
Are as much needed now by mankind as then;
And some persons are as prone to judge we see,
As when Jesus said that judged they should be.

Who shall judge for another? surely not one
Whose vision has been dimmed by a beam,
Who knows not the causes of acts that are done,

For many things truly are not what they seem;
If Charity's veil critics looked through
They would often times find this fact too true.

It is He alone who created the mind
Can know what is done—how much is resisted;
Looking in mercy some goodness He will find
Where critics would think but badness existed;
How perfect must be that sister or brother
Capable to judge the acts of another.

Of the different kinds of people known,
The critics and cynics are most to be shunned;
Their work, self imposed, many times have been shown
To blight like a plague or a scourge might have done;
Yes, oft on the young and thoughtless they place
A mark that time even can never erase.

There are laws to protect from bodily harm,
But none that will save us from evils like this;
There are rulers to judge between right and wrong,
But who will know when a critic is amiss;
Ah! who can tell when such a mine has been sprung,
That the flames may not burn their loved ones among.

How kindly the Savior took heed of all things
When he spoke to the erring in times of old;
How blended with pity the chastening he brings
When the law of the Gospel He did unfold,
Oh, Charity! Charity! greatest to be,
Would that humanity was guided by thee!

TRUE RIGHTS.

WHILE the women of this great land
For "equal rights" do call,
Without the seeking we now stand
Far, far above them all.

Yet what as dearest rights we claim
They scorn and shun to do,
They dread to bear a mother's name
Or share in her rights too.

The right to make a happy home
They think a drudging plan,
So spend their time abroad to roam,
Seeking the rights of man.

Such motives and such misspent lives
Cause us to pause in thought,—
Better the cares of mothers and wives
Than those that count as naught.

Better for us to stand by truth,
With men who keep God's laws;
Better bear our burdens, forsooth,
Than work in a useless cause.

Ah! better far, because we know
We fill the "sphere" of God's intent:
And more—we need not seeking go—
A "woman's work" to her is sent.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

I DREAMED that I stood in a boundless space,
And gazed with wondering eyes
At the "looms of life," each one in its place,
Of a different kind and size;
Some were in motion, but there was no sound,
Invisible hands were their guide,
On each was a name. Still gazing around
I saw FATHER TIME by my side.

With beckoning hand, he led me away,
Past many and many a loom;
In some the filling was shining and gay
While others were darkened with gloom;
Some were beginning, and some almost done —
Were moving slower and slower,
While many that had busily run
Were silent forevermore!

Time passed near one that was moving slow,
I turned and examined the same,
Then knew why he should have guided me so,
For on it was written my name;
A Silent Worker I could not behold
Wove the filaments slowly in,
But the warp was broken and dark and old,
And the web was homely and thin.

Time unfolded with swift quiet grace
The unfinished work to my sight,

And there I saw formed in various ways
The dark woven woof and the bright;
“Unseen are my weavers,” the old man said,
“But their work most plainly you see;
You shall know which placed the different threads
If you will listen to me.

“The first that you see in the warp here filled
Are as white as the crystal snow,
For Purity with fair hands gently skilled,
Moved the shuttle to and fro;
When her part was finished, she passed away,
And Innocence took up the thread
Which was clear as the dawning light of day,
Softly tinted with gold and red.

“Next was Affection, who stood by the loom
Long after her own part was through,
When others brought threads that were dark as gloom
She wove in a brighter one too;
And Love came to aid her, down all the way,
Her part you may readily trace,
For some of her threads, the fairest and gay,
Have brightened the gloomiest place.

“The threads of Affection and Love will fade,
But Hope rarely changes, you know,
Gladly we look on the part she had made.
Hand in hand with Faith shadows go;
Charity with them fulfilling her part,
Most willing has proven all through,
Never from duty they sought to depart—
They always were trusty and true.

“Next, Pleasure came by, her light airy taste
Has made her part look very gay,
She tripped along in merry glad haste
But quite often returned this way ;
Joy saw her go and came quickly to me
Desirous her part here to do,
Swift moved the shuttle, her threads you see,
Though brightest, in numbers were few.

“And thus were the weavers busy each day
Until filled was the warp of youth,
Then others came, too, more earnest than they,
Among them were Wisdom and Truth ;
Strongest were their threads, and firmest the place,
'Tis so when you look at it yet,
The changes of years could never efface,
And memory never forget!

“Honor next followed, you ever will see
Near those two her part she'll fulfill ;
Pride brought gay colors her portion to be,
But Honor was busy there still ;
Happy the weavers and bright show each thread
When Sorrow her part did begin,
Moving to and fro with slow measured tread
She wove her dark filaments in.

“Yet scarce was she gone ere Cheerfulness came,
I marvelled her presence to see,
She answered me when I questioned her aim,
'It was Faith and Hope that sent me ;'
And working with Friendship, who did appear,
Together they brightened the gloom ;

Friendship still lingered—she often comes here—
To aid those who stand at the loom.

“Ambition came then in an eager way,
It pleased me to see her begin,
But very soon Perseverance they say
Was helping to fill the threads in;
Being most anxious the rest to excel
She even sought Fame for her aid,
Those worn threads of tinsel the tale will tell,
They alone mark the effort made.

“Disappointment came, ah! sad was her face,
She performed her part with ill will,
But Mercy willingly came to her place—
Her bright threads are shining here still;
When she had gone, Trouble came slowly by,
Darkest were the threads she put in;
She tarried not long, for Friendship stood nigh,
And Comfort her part did begin.

“Thus they wove, the brightest, fairest, and best,
With many a dull thread between;
Affliction with sombreness marks the rest,
Too plainly her work may be seen;
She called to her side both Sickness and Pain
And gave to their hands her dark thread,
I longed for the power—but longed in vain
To make Health the weaver instead.”

Time ceased to speak, I could not reply,
For my heart was sorely oppressed,

I turned to depart, he bade me stay nigh
Till Patience had finished the rest;
He told me that when the weaving was done
To the Master the work would go,
There in the courts of the Father and Son,
They would judge our lives here below.

Slower and slower the shuttle moved on,
As Patience filled in the last part,
Faith alone tarried, all others were gone,
Long since had Time seen them depart;
There came a grim form from the haunts of the dead
The last warp, his icy hand broke,
I reached forth to grasp the weak slender thread,
Then from my sad dream I awoke.



EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

SISTER, these bright unfading flowers
Were planted by our mother's hand,
But ere they bloomed in earthly bowers,
She had gone to a better land.

Sad and touching to us the thought
That these the last to cheer our gloom,
For which her gentle hands had wrought,
Should be of everlasting bloom.

A symbol they shall always be
Of life Eternal in that Home—
A memorial dear, that we
Will cherish in the years to come.

TO A LITTLE FRIEND.

"I AM so little I'm no good,"
I heard a young friend say,
Then I thought that I sometime would
Tell her my thoughts that day.

Come with me in the garden, dear,
Around us we can see
The lilies and the peonies here,
And blooming lilac tree,

The columbine and roses, too,
All lofty hold their heads,
But none are half so fair to view
As the lowly pansy bed.

The dewy violets in the glade,
The daises sweet tho' small,
Each was for a wise purpose made,
For they please most of all.

One dainty flower we love to view
The sweetest of the lot,
Reminds me, Ada dear, of you,
'Tis the "forget me not."

If e'er you feel in future days
To murmur or repine,
Go forth, and studying Nature's ways,
Recall these words of mine.

TO MAUD.

LITTLE daughter, happy maiden,
Merry Maud with curly hair,
If I write for you a poem
It must be as light as air.

There must be no thought of study,
Not a word of work I'll say,
For I know my mischief Maudie
Cares for nothing else but play.

If I talk to you of dollies,
With real hair all dressed up so,
Then I see your blue eyes sparkle
And your little cheeks aglow.

Life to you means only pleasure,
How you like each pretty thing,
How you love the flowers and birdies,
Cunning songs of them you sing.

Little chatterbox, your prattle
Early wakes each sleeping one,
You are surely an alarum,
Certain as the rising sun.

Oh what dreams you have to tell us,
Busy mind though fast asleep,
Lovely presents come at Christmas
All for your own self to keep.

Odd, it is my little dreamer,
That your dreams in season be,
It was roses in the summer,
You had gathered them for me.

When the snow lay white and crispy,
Summer dreams had passed away,
But there came to you another
Of sleigh rides with bells so gay.

I am glad, my little Maudie,
Life contains such fun for you,
But when years have made you wiser,
You must share its duties too.

When you learn how vain is pleasure,
Then I hope you constant will
Strive to be an earnest worker,
And be merry-hearted still.



SAD THOUGHTS.

DEAR Friend:—this quiet day of rest
Brings only solitude to me,
Yet thoughts of those who love me best
Afford me silent company.

Still, thought will sometimes weary grow
When held a captive in the mind,
My thoughts are longing now to go
In gentle words your heart to find.

I trusting feel I need not ask
That you'll receive them as I send,
The comfort I have from the task
Assures me that you will, dear friend.

I know as here alone I stay
To answer me, alas! there's none,
Yet thoughts in sadness dwells to-day
Upon my life-work just begun.

I wonder can it be that He
Who blessed my youth with promise rare,
Who gave me gifts of good degree
Is satisfied with my weak share?

'Tis said that nothing is in vain
With Him who holds unbounded power,
What recompense will bitter pain
Bring to me at some future hour?

If this life is—as we are told—
To fit us for a better sphere,
What part is there for me to hold
That I must learn such lessons here?

What work can the Master have in store
For hands that here must idle be?
I ask these questions o'er and o'er,
But there is none to answer me.

And weary minded, sad at heart,
Selfish, I've brought my grief to you,
Forgetful of the saddest part,
That others have their sorrows too.

Your sympathy oft brought me rest,
I've known so long your tender care,
Is it a wonder when oppressed
That I should seek for comfort there?



FEBRUARY 28, 1875.

How memory startled me, to-day!
As glancing o'er the "Book of Life"
I found among old Time's array
A date with true mementoes rife;
A key, by time even then forecast,
To open for me a happy Past.

How much that date recalls to me
Though years have passed since it was made,
How plainly now that day I see,
Though time has counted one decade;
A pilgrim at that Past I stand,
Like one who views a fairer land.

Eager to move, I hesitate—
May memory prove a trusty guide,
And only pleasant scenes await
To meet us on that brighter side.
Oh, childhood's hours! how real they seem,
And all besides a troubled dream.

Home of my youth! with joyful heart
Upon thy happy scenes I gaze,
Beholding these who form a part
In all my peaceful, childish days;
How gay the birds, how fair the flowers,
How sweet life is in childhood's hours!

How light my feet! as forth I bound
I seek a drink from the cool spring,
How welcome is the merry sound
Of birds that in the greenwood sing!
Oh! sun and sky, Oh! fragrant air,
To lie and dream and know no care!

Dear youthful days, how I rejoice
My lot is cast in pleasant places,
I only hear affection's voice,
I only see kind loving faces.
Ah! memory, are you by my side?
Alas! you've been too true a guide.

Shall we return? No, you shall lead
To other scenes I loved so well,
And you who know my utmost need
Must weave no more that mystic spell;
Sweet was the dream, but sorrow's sting
The wakening from such dreams will bring.

"Do I remember," did you say,
"The bridge across the old mill stream?"
How soft the willow-bloom to-day,

How clear beneath the ripples gleam!
Yes, here at eve, I've often strayed
To rest and dream in twilight's shade.

From the fair spot beneath the hill
I see the "City of the Dead,"
And nearer hear the busy mill,
I hear it now—though years have fled.
Once more, sweet memory, your spell
Has blended past and present well.

Oh! saddened heart! Oh! weary life!
Sweet rest it is youth's haunts to see,
To trip through days where joys were rife
And softly tread where sorrows be;
To view once more my girlhood years
Enriched by blessings time endears.

Though prone to linger, fain to rest,
To tarry where life knew no care,
Memory guides by paths oft pressed
To days whose skies were not so fair,
When of youth's friends I was bereft,
And childhood's home forever left.

Farewell to scenes of that fair clime,
In other lands my lot is cast,
But grant my prayer, "Old Father Time,"
Leave ajar the portals of that Past;
Adown the years let memory's light shine
To brighten this dark life of mine.

A DREAM.

AT THE mystic hour of midnight
There came a dream to me,
Of a picture I had painted
Where all might gaze and see,
'Twas a scene of mountains and ocean,
And my enraptured soul,
On canvas bright with artist's sight
Had there transfixed the whole.

'Twas just at the hour of sunset,
A perfect golden sheen
Covered the loftiest mountains
Like the veil of a queen;
The shimmering waves of ocean
Beside the mountain lay,
A mirror bright, reflecting the light
Of the departing day.

The varying tints of sunset,
The ocean shades of green,
Mingled their colors together
To beautify the scene.
The dark low hills in the distance
Beyond the sunset glow,
Gave the soul a peaceful feeling,
A sense of sweet repose.

Over the picture there rested
A light on sea and land
That's rarely seen in a painting
Done by a master hand;

When the picture was completed,
 With many a proud thought
I gazed with dear friends around me
 On what my hands had wrought.

But at last my soul awakened,
 From dreams my mind I bring,
To learn my beautiful painting
 Was only a fanciful thing;
With artist spirit undaunted
 Materials I find,
Resolved, while my brain it haunted,
 That picture should be mine.

Eagerly the tints I painted
 By memory's dim light,
But alas! though anxious working
 I could not do it right;
The mountains looked like a shipwreck
 Burning far out at sea,
Amid what was meant for a haze
 What seemed a fog to me.

The beautiful gleaming water,
 Delicate tints of green,
I made to look like a drugget
 That better days had seen;
I tried to paint the lowly hills
 But my efforts were in vain,
They resembled dugout cabins
 Seen on a western plain.

The glorious light that rested
With a halo of blue,
I painted much like clouds of smoke,
A part of the cabins too;
When I ceased at last in despair
Memory gave one gleam,
Which I caught ere it could vanish,
And wrote this sketch of my dream.



A RURAL YOUTH AT THE CIRCUS.

Of course you have heard of Barnum's great show,
But I doubt if any of you should know
The story I am about to relate,
That happened when Barnum came to our State.

A circus of course most people condemn,
But they are very sure to visit them
Taking the children, for the dears, you know,
Can learn so much from the animal show.

I knew a father of just such intent
One night with his girls to the show he went,
And farther more his kindness to extend
He invited with them a lady friend.

They found good seats in a prominent place,
Arranged themselves the performance to face;
The girls felt some pride, their friend did the same,
Their escort was a judge of well known fame.

The circus began in the usual way,
With an oriental parade display,
The musicians performed with such perfect chime
The folks were sure they would have a good time.

But while fine riding was shown in the ring
A man came along, a green awkward thing,
Who, careless of the rights of others too,
Placed himself in front of the girls I knew.

They nursed their wrath at him for a while,
But incensed at his gestures and smile
The young ladies' friend, her mind to ease,
Said, most emphatic, "Sit down if you please."

He turned a smiling face full to their view
And answered blandly, "I don't care if I do,"
With a satisfaction he did not hide
He seated himself by the young girl's side.

She looked at the judge with appealing eyes,
But no use, by the sight seen with surprise,
It was evident, tho' no word he spoke,
The judge thought her fate a practical joke.

The young man, who came from some rural town,
Could well have acted the part of a clown,
As it was his expression of delight
Amused every one who had him in sight.

When the peanut boy came by on his round
A ready customer in him he found,
For the rural youth with a bargain loud,
Bought stale peanuts for the "hull of his crowd."

But his offer of nuts and lemonade
Annoyed the judge, who a suggestion made,
That the man a much better place might get
By moving a few seats higher up yet.

For such a change, he did not seem to care,
Expressed himself as comfortable "there,"
Then ignoring the judge's severe tone
He devoted himself to their friend alone.

And such a devotion! her back she turned,
Her face with heat of indignation burned,
While to make matters worse if that could be
Two verdant friends came the rural to see.

As they whispered in an audible tone
They asked him how long *them folks* he had known,
He answered, telling with evident pride,
He was "payin' 'tention to the gal by his side."

They looked at her well, then expressed their mind
That *Sam* was in luck such a gal to find,
Taking a seat as near them as could be
They watched "Sam and his gal" with merry glee.

When the circus was out, to make matters brief
One person at least felt a great relief;
She could never remember anything
That transpired that night in the circus ring.

As they passed along through the canvas door
The youth still hovered near but spoke no more,
When they moved away by the dim starlight,
He disappeared in the shadows of night.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. C. B. P.

YES, I'll inscribe to you a rhyme,
 "Spontaneous" it shall surely be,
Recalling scenes of fleeting time
 When life was young to you and me;
Those days went all too quickly by,
 The weeks sped like a happy dream,
The years on golden wings did fly,
 And time a source of joy did seem.

Now of those happy, happy days
 We've only memory's treasured store,
The friends, the scenes, the pleasant ways
 Have passed from our lives evermore;
But oft when retrospection turns
 The pages of our youthful years,
By memory's light that brightly burns
 Some picture dear to me appears.

And gazing thus into the Past
 As retrospection turns each page,
Of all the years that moved so fast
 That surely was our golden age;
A charm whose spell change cannot break
 Still hallows that old time for me,
The faces of those loved ones wake
 A vision that undimmed I see.

Behold them now as though the years
 Had backward turned that intervene,
How fair to me, the face appears
 Of Alice, who was the school queen!

A gifted mind, a loving heart
Made her a favorite with the teacher,
Though blessed with all life's better part
She married a Methodist preacher.

Katie I see, whose family pride
Was something rare out in the west,
Yet she had many traits beside
That won a place among the best.
No one in school was quite so good,
With her we spent some happy hours,
Her young life bloomed in womanhood
But faded as the Autumn flowers.

Two other names we loved to hear
On sacred marble I have read,
Carrie and Gertrude, schoolmates dear,
Dwell in the "City of the Dead."
For those three friends in youth called Home
The Past will hold a sacred shrine;
Unknown whose summons next may come,
Perhaps it will be yours or mine.

I see a face with noble brow,
Deep brown eyes look into my own,
Sarah, I well remember now,
Ere sickness claimed her for its own;
But fairer climes and ocean breeze
Restored to her the bloom of health,
Around her home the orange trees
Luxuriant shed their fragrant wealth.

Nettie's sweet face to me appears,
With eyes of blue and curls like jet,
She married in the after years
A Dr. who surely "Likes" her yet.
I see a face rosy and fair
With eyes of violet's deepest hue,
A low brow crowned with golden hair—
I need not tell her name to you.

The wittiest girl in all the school,
Her fun was always brimming over,
We two once broke the golden rule
When rivals for a red-haired lover.
The sweetest memories you hold
Entwine around Serena's name,
If all the passing years were told
I know you'd find her love the same.

And there were others just as dear,
Whose lives with ours were blended,
Who met with us from year to year
'Till those school days were ended,
Who at school and everywhere
With us made plans for coming years,
Alas! those castles in the air
Have fallen—and no wreck appears:

Some who were eager in the strife
To win great glory to their name,
Now walk the humble paths of life
Unknown to greatness and to fame.

Of all that loving, happy band,
Your face alone I see as then,
But in a fairer, better Land
I hope we'll meet them all again.



A WELCOME TO BROTHER ASAHEL H.
WOODRUFF.

DEAR brother, we came with a welcome to-night,
Most heartily filled with good cheer,
And the words which friendship inspired us to write,
Is the greeting of every one here.
We, with you, rejoice that your mission is through,
You are free from the world and its snares;
By day and by night we were praying for you,
And our Father has answered our prayers.

Here again, you can know the comforts of home,
View the scenes of your own native land,
Be united with loving ones—would all could come,
Who belong to your dear household band.
Joy would be more complete if we could here see
Your aged father with us once again;
How much we deplore he an exile must be
Through the actions of base, wicked men.

You were missed from meetings, and Sunday School too,
None other your place here could fill;
So you see it is ready and waiting for you,
With the work of a mission still.

In our midst you will find few changes are made,
We're not noted for wonderful deeds,
But have quietly kept our ward "in the shade,"
While persecution was sowing its seeds.

We are pleased, as we look once more on your face—
'Twas remembered as boyish and fair,
But time, in its changes, has quietly placed
The stamp of true manhood there.
We are proud of the mission filled in your youth,
Its benefits you surely will prize;
Experience taught you lessons of truth
You could not have learned otherwise.

You have visited cities of great renown,
Their wonders you have tarried to view;
May all you have learned in the future be found
A source of true knowledge to you.
May time strengthen your faith, as the years go by,
May your mission a blessing still be,
And the seed increase and multiply,
You planted far over the sea.



WHEN WILL THE MESSENGER COME?

I.

I am waiting, oh waiting, so weary,
The summons that will call me home,
And ofttimes on my lips is the query:
When will the "Messenger" come?
Often as the nights' dim shadows appear
I listening—think his footsteps are near.

II.

Will he come when the glories of Summer
Linger in flower and in tree?
Oh, joy then it would be to remember
Earth held so much beauty for me!
Then loving hands would banish the gloom
And strew fairest flowers above my dark tomb.

III.

Will he come when the riches of Autumn
Are gathered in harvest and store?
Perhaps it would be time then most fitting,
If for me "life's harvest" were o'er;
Glad tidings 'twill be when this life I leave
If the Great Master my sheaf will receive.

IV.

Will he come when the verdure of Nature,
Around us in bright colors lie?
When the soft winds are sighing so sadly
'Twould surely be pleasant to die;
Rest would be sweetest in earth's peaceful bed,
While the bright leaves were falling overhead.

V.

Will he come when the bleak winds of Winter
Whirl about the dry leaves in the blast?
Fittest emblems—but ah, sad reminder
Of hopes that are withered and past!
Perchance 'twere my lot when the snow shall fall,
To hear with gladness the Messenger's call.

VI.

I wish that he would come when the moonlight
Had cast its soft glamor around,
When in dreams of the home of my childhood,
My still, sleeping senses were bound ;
Would that he so gently could take my hand,
I'd dream all the way to the Promised Land.

VII.

When through the dark vale he bears me away,
A boon to my soul it would be
If that dream unbroken—like some magic spell,
Could keep death's shadow from me;
Oh, blessed dream ! could the awakening come,
With my father and mother safe at home.



DIVINE LAWS.

The glorious parts of the Plan of Creation,
Made to suit the people of each distinct nation,
The perfect laws of the universe, as the centuries roll,
Prove that one Master Mind is controlling the whole.
Of the millions that have been and those yet to be,
All mankind are created with souls that are free.

But satan is using his power where he can,
Placing many in bondage to their fellow man ;
Free thought and free action, upholding what is right,
Are forbidden by laws wicked rulers indite.
What though most sorely oppressed by tyrant's rod,
We shall always sustain the Divine Laws of God !

ORALIE'S BIRTHDAY.

ORALIE'S Birthday, fifth of November,
Aged two years, be sure to remember;
She awoke full of fun in merry glee,
Called "Ollie iss ole ittle dirl, tum see."

Down came the girls and their brothers too,
All of them making a great ado,
Oralie to every one had told—
It was her birthday and she was old.

All at once did the children spy,
Snow covered the ground and filled the sky,
Oralie, who with the others was gay,
Kept saying, "my snow on my bursday."

When breakfast was over all wrapped warm,
They soon hurried out nor cared for the storm,
They brought the sleigh from its rest with a cheer,
To enjoy the first snow storm of the year.

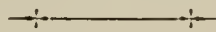
Oralie watched with a sullen pout,
Little budget she slyly slipped out.
Who do you think caught the snow crowned dear?
'Twas "Auntie" M— K——, who was visiting here.

She gave her "wee lassie" a good Scotch scold,
Telling her the dangers of taking cold,
Oralie still persisting would say,
"Iss is my snow on my bursday."

The children having so long stayed out
Their papa thought to give them a rout,
You will be pleased the fact to know
They put him to flight with balls of snow.

Parker came in with winning grace,
Wanting a favor, I knew by his face,
"Mamma, just once let Oralie go
Sleigh-riding with me on the snow."

Though "Auntie" said much to oppose
We wrapped her warm and off she goes,
Her first sleigh-ride, she came back to say,
Was on "my snow on my bursday."



MY PICNIC.

I surely wouldn't throw a rocket,
But I must own, Sisters now,
I brought my picnic in my pocket,
Doubtless you will wonder how.

You think, perhaps, I'm selfish too,
My "piece" to hide 'till after dinner,
But that decision you may rue,
Forgiving sin and sinner.

No doubt but you will quickly guess
My piece is in this paper,
So that I may as well confess
My guilt to such a caper.

'Tis true it doesn't look large at all,
But then you know we find,
Most precious things in parcels small
And bundles of mankind.

When you, dear friends, have shared with me,
And satisfied your wishes,
You'll find there still will plenty be,
Just like the loaves and fishes.

When I knew I was coming here
I wondered what I should bring,
A "sly muse" whispered in my ear
This would be just the thing.

So I prepared a piece of rhyme
Thinking to have a rarity,
I find that muse was right this time
No one has used such recipe.

Some may think etherial food
Like this not worth revealing,
But ofttimes it has done much good,
Made from the "flowers of feeling."

How well do I remember too,
Feasts of etherial fineness,
When I've received from each of you
"The milk of human kindness."

Often together we've enjoyed
The "cream" of many a joke,
In years by trouble unalloyed
The "bread of contentment" broke.

With pleasure I can call to mind
The times you have shared with me,
Things of a more substantial kind—
“The Fruits of Industry.”

Now should you think that in my mind
Nonsense alone is rife—
Remember that it takes all kinds
To make the “spice of life.”

I thought to-day to convince you
(It is no idle pretence—)
That I had wit and reason too,
As well as some common sense.

So I planned in the stilly night
A “piece” that your tastes would please,
But at morn the muse had taken flight
And taken all my recipes.



DREAMS OF THE PAST.

I'M writing now from Pleasant Lawn,
A quiet peaceful home,
Whose memories are bright as dawn
Wherever I may roam.

I've tarried here through many hours
And oh! dear friend of mine,
Fond recollection's sweetest flowers
Around this spot now twine.

I sadly gaze through shine or haze
Upon the landscape's gleam,
Then close my eyes and other days
Come back a pleasant dream.

Again I feel the glow of health
And roam the meadows o'er,
Gathering gems from Nature's wealth
As in the days of yore.

Again I mingle with the friends
Who made this spot so dear,
Once more my joyous nature blends
In fun and frolic here.

When twilight's shades are drawing near
When the stars softly shine,
Once more sweet music charms the ear
With notes of "Auld Lang Syne."

But dearer still within my dream
Are scenes that happened here,
When twilight's charm and moonlight's gleam.
Made all things bright appear.

When in the quiet evening hour
I clasped some dear one's hand,
Ah! love had then a mystic power
The heart could not withstand.

Oh, pleasant are such dreams to me
Of youth's fair fleeting morn,
When Mercy from life's blooming tree
Plucked every hurtful thorn.

Yes, pleasant when oblivion's wand
Has charmed the passing hours,
When from the Past come memories fond
Like perfume of sweet flowers.

Still may I cherish from time's blast
Their sweetness in my heart,
And in the dear dreams of the Past
May sadness have no part.



TO MY NIECE.

I.

LITTLE REBA, darling namesake,
At this quiet twilight time,
Fly my thoughts to you unbidden
In a simple easy rhyme,
And the wings of love shall bear them
With the flowers of feeling too,
And a wish that Fortune ever
Bring her choicest gifts to you.

II.

I would write to you so gently,
Tho' my face you ne'er may see,
You will cherish ever fondly,
Bright and loving thoughts of me;

If you know not now the meaning
Of my words—some future day
You shall read and comprehend them,
When you're farther on life's way.

III.

In my musings, sad and tender,
Are the Past and Present blended,
You life's journey are beginning,
While for me 'tis almost ended;
If the paths of youth shall lead you
Near the way by which I came,
You may read upon the landmarks
That you bear an honored name.

IV.

Pure that name to me was given,
Free from any blight or stain,
While 'twas mine I bore it proudly
And its pureness did maintain;
When I chose to take another
I partly put away my own,
Little thinking that some maiden
By it should again be known.

V.

In the days when we were children
That name meant a mischief elf,
But I surely would be foolish
To be telling on myself.

Sometime, when you read these verses,
Climb upon your father's knee,
He will tell you of the "Auntie"
Whose young life was gay and free.

VI.

If perchance into his story
Comes a deeper, sadder strain,
Of a life begun in gladness
Closed with suffering and pain,
Let your thoughts dwell not upon it,
I would have you think of me
As I was in happy childhood,
As I hope that you may be.

VII.

In my joyous fleeting girlhood
Dreams would come of earthly fame,
Cherished hopes I had of seeing
Wreaths of laurel crown my name;
But the years that followed taught me
That such fame could ne'er be mine,
Yet my name in school and college
With bright lustre oft did shine.

VIII.

But perhaps, dear little Reba,
In your paths that untried be,
You will gather with your talents
Laurels for both you and me;

Should you, tho' your name bear honor,
Change it for another one,
Proud you may be if you've kept it
Free from stain as I had done.

IX.

You will think, my darling Reba,
Auntie surely loved to write,
I have taken now my pencil
To wish you a fond good night,
May the angels sweet dreams bring you,
And through all the coming years
May you have life's joys and pleasures,
And be spared its pains and tears.



LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

LONG from my lips the bitter cup
I tried in vain to put away,
Nor knew the *hand* that held it up
Was His who doeth best alway—
Each draught brought trials, pain and grief.

Thus, suffering from year to year
My burdens heavier, sadder grew,
Though kind friends tried my life to cheer
Affliction's part was all I knew,
Till life and children all to me
Had ceased a source of joy to be.

When from the cup at last I drank
The dregs of anguish and despair,
Submissive, I no longer shrank—
No deeper bitterness was there;
But from my lips arose the cry,
Oh! Lord have mercy, let me die.

Up to the throne of God above
The angels carried that sad prayer,
They plead with pity and with love,
They found sweet mercy for me there;
They brought great comfort to be mine,
A message of life from the throne divine.

My soul rejoiced with joy untold
Those words of glad tidings to hear.
Sorrow's clouds away from me rolled,
And the light of Heaven seemed near;
A rest that surpasseth all earthly rest
Pervaded my being and thrilled my breast.

My prayers when for wisdom I sought
Each one found an answer that day,
Divined was my innermost thought
My burdens made lighter away;
And this sweet solace was given to me—
The angels of Heaven are pitying thee.

That message of life did bring
This promise—if patient I bore
My trials, and did every thing
Required till my life work be o'er—
I should receive and forever abide
The reward of the martyred and sanctified.

Whenever deep sorrows oppress,
When trials and heartaches have come,
I think of that promise of rest,
I think of that Heavenly home;
And life's weary burdens patiently bear
For each day is bringing me nearer there.

When my Heavenly Father shall send
A messenger of death to me,
May he come as a welcome friend
I long have awaited to see;
And I be found worthy to enter in
Where dwelleth not sickness, sorrow, nor sin.



TO OLIVE.

DEAR daughter, all this quiet day my thoughts have
been with you,
As one by one months that are gone passed silent in
review,
The dearest memories of that time fond recollections
hold,
Are of a blue-eyed little girl that's only six years old.
I've thought of all your loving care, so patient and
so kind,
I know it was not prized enough till it was left be-
hind,

But memory, faithful to each one, points along time's
track,
Where your small feet were swift to run, as quickly to
come back.

I scarcely thought then as I gazed and comforts many
see
Whose little hands, tho' rarely praised, brought all
those things to me,
Thought has been busy tho', to-day, within this mind
of mine,
To help recall your patient ways absence and love
combine.

Your tender heart has often beat in sympathy with
me,
The tears have gathered on your cheek my sufferings
to see,
And 'midst my grief with loving thought such hope-
ful words you'd tell,
"Oh! Mamma, I am sure the Lord will some day
make you well."

Your hopeful love full oft has dried the fountain of
my tears,
Your faith has checked my murmurings and shamed
my wiser years
You've led my thoughts from grief and pain by
many happy ways,
To forget all the present time and talk of future days.

And we would make such happy plans, they joy
would give to me
Till fate recalled my wandering thoughts that such
might never be;
Then still I'd quell the rising tear, speak as from
cheerful heart,
I could not darken your bright hopes with sorrow's
bitter part.

Thus I can think how day by day throughout the
years that's gone,
You near my side willing would stay, your care was
ne'er withdrawn,
And when you saw the racking pain was wearing me
all out,
You'd take the children off again and quiet every
shout.

Around me now the shadows fall of quiet twilight's
hour,
Memory brings scenes of the past with even greater
power,
Sweet to recall your tender care of "sunshine Oralie,"
Sweet is the thought that while you're there she can-
not much miss me.

Memory touching tender chords recalls, oh! plainly
still,
Your quiet answer on "May Day," tho' tears your
eyes did fill,

When your friends came for you to go, and tales of
fun did tell,
You said, "I'll wait till next May-time, then my Ma
will be well."

Within such thoughtful little mind are treasures buried
deep,
May God who blesses all mankind help you those
gifts to keep;
And may He grant my daily prayer that my life spared
might be,
To lead your willing feet through youth to womanly
purity.

There are no greater joys on earth this life for me
could hold,
Than guide in truth my girls and boys and with them
to grow old;
So Olive, let us still have faith that God our needs
will see,
And in His own good time and way will give health
back to me.

You must remember, Olive dear, that you've a father
kind,
Then seek his loneliness to cheer, and rest his weary
mind;
Never may you by word or act bring to his fond
heart pain,
When once the "Flowers of feeling" fade they'll ne'er
revive again.

Though I may long have absent been and still shall
absent be,
I trust your active little mind has loving thoughts of
me,
The parting has surely done me good in retrospective
way,
I knew your love in absence would grow fonder every
day.

Oh! it were vain to wish, forsooth, that your young
life might know
Only the bright "sunshine" of youth without a cloud
of woe,
Already have your little arms life's weary burdens
borne,
Already has your little heart beat saddened and forlorn.

But He, whom you must always trust, who doeth all
things best,
Has given you a cheerful heart, and love will do the
rest;
Still may you, Olive, always be a blessing to us all,
As ever ready willingly to answer duty's call.

I would that you should keep these lines among your
treasures few
Till there should come a future time when you can
read them through,
When you shall ponder in deep thought of all that's
here expressed,
Perhaps the hands these words have wrought will then
have found sweet rest.

BLAME ME NOT.

IF never again for you these weak hands
 May toil while on earth I'm abiding,
 Remember His words in the distant lands
 When the Master the workers was chiding,
 "What matter it ye if these have come late,
 They also serve—who only stand and wait."

Who only wait Thy will be done,
 Oh! Lord remember me!
 Wearied and worn when scarce begun
 Can I be serving Thee.

* * * * *

November days have come,
 The winds are sighing drear,
 I sigh for my Heavenly home
 But still I linger here.
 I long for peaceful rest,
 Oh! joy 'twould be to know
 Earth's bed I soon should press,
 Beneath the pure white snow.

When death's release is nigh,
 Rejoiced my soul shall say,
 "Take back my body, mother earth,
 Take back this broken clay.
 A burden it has been,
 Oh! joy untold 'twill be
 To cast away this weary clay,
 This weak mortality."

WRITTEN FOR THE LADIES' MASS MEETING, MARCH 6, 1886.

DEAR SISTERS: I cannot meet with you to-day,
But some thoughts of my mind you shall hear;
Though, if I should write all I'm prompted to say,
The cry would be treason I fear;
For the feelings that fill me, at this trying hour,
Are like storm clouds that long have been gathering
power.

There's a limit beyond which 'tis hard to forbear,
When by injustice we are oppressed,
We to-day seek relief by remonstrance and prayer,
And against our oppressions protest;
And although unjust rulers may turn a deaf ear,
There is One who our humblest petitions will hear.

'Tis said that the Lord is now trying His own,
That true Saints from false we can tell,
That even may be, but quite plainly 'tis shown,
He is testing the nation as well;
Proving whether law makers and those who fulfil
Will use power over us for good or for ill.

Already the intent of some has been shown,
Who hold legal authority here,
And most bitter proof of their object is known,
By the scenes which now daily appear;
In which justice and liberty no part can claim,
Where a trial is mockery, law but a name,

Oh! who shall find blame if each true woman's voice
In the heat of resentment shall call
For justice—for those o'er whom tyrants rejoice,
Now confined by the prison's dark wall.
When the victims are husbands and friends we love
best,
'Tis time that the sisters should make a protest.

How unjust is the law by which they compel
A wife 'gainst her husband to speak,
And such things before judge or jury to tell,
As were asked in the court room last week!
Can you wonder my feelings resentment have shown,
When the sister insulted was truly my own!

We firmly against wicked laws shall protest,
Which take from us every dear right,
That will sever home ties of those we love best,
And force those we love from our sight.
Would that each voice which shall respond to this
call
Could be heard by the Senate in National hall.

We appeal to the nation—to you who make laws,
The history of our church to review,
Read the fate of our enemies—then as you pause,
Think of what you are trying to do.
For as sure as you follow the way they have trod,
So surely you fall 'neath the vengeance of God.

THE NOBLE FORTY-NINE.

ABOVE a valley by nature blest
Arose the mountain's snowy crest!

Clustered o'er hill and vale was seen
A city gemmed by orchards green,

And blooming gardens everywhere
Shed fragrance on the morning air.

A fairer scene than that to view
The company of men ne'er knew,

Who rode along that summer morn
By fields of grain and growing corn;

They passed by parks, canals and mills,
Then eastward turned and climbed the hills,

And halted where a structure drear,
Its ugly crumbling walls did rear.

Alighting at the prison gate,
As chatting, smiling, they did wait;

Within their midst a man did stand
Who held great power within that land.

They entered and request did make
For those placed there for conscience sake.

Moments of silence, then there stood
Before them men of true manhood:

Men placed within those walls because
They dared obey and keep God's laws.

With gracious mien and smiling face
The governor met them in that place,

Told them if truth they would deny,
Cast plural wives and children by,

Promise to live as worldly men,
They soon should have freedom again.

With voices firm, and fearless eye,
Those men did dare to make reply,

They dared defend God's laws divine—
All honor to that "Forty-Nine!"

Back through the lanes and city street
Sounded the tread of horses' feet;

Back the company returned again,
But they were not chatting and smiling then,

A shadow o'er them seemed to fall:
So shall oblivion claim them all.

But the words of those noble men,
Willing to suffer within that Pen,

Rather than bend to tyrant's hand,
Shall be held sacred in all the land.

When the reign of the despot is o'er,
When the deputy raids no more,

Still shall the names of that "Forty-Nine,"
Illustrious on Time's pages shine.



REJOICE, MY SOUL, REJOICE.

REJOICE, my soul, rejoice,
 Though thou wast once cast down,
Hear ye a still small voice,
 The cross shall win the crown;
May thou find in these words sweet rest,
He chasteneth whom He loveth best.

Rejoice, my soul, rejoice,
 Though bitter be the cup,
Lift not a murmuring voice—
 His hand doth hold it up;
Put not aside, though deep it burn,
The dregs shall yet to sweetness turn.

Rejoice, my soul, rejoice,
 Though thou art greatly tried,
With patience bear thy cross
 Whatever may betide;
This life is but a single span,
To what awaits immortal man.

Rejoice, my soul, rejoice,
Great privilege is thine,
In prayer to lift thy voice
Before the throne divine;
Thy cries for mercy all are known
Thy sufferings shall for sin atone.

Rejoice, my soul, rejoice,
Listen if thou wouldst hear,
What never mortal voice
Whispered to mortal ear,
Eternal truths that faith alone
To trusting souls canst e'er make known.

Rejoice, my soul, rejoice,
Be lifted up and see
The realms of Paradise
That faith canst show to thee—
Sweet visions of a home divine
That through the Savior may be thine.

Rejoice, my soul, rejoice,
For thou shalt soon be free
From all that now annoys,
That pain racked fetters thee;
Oh! broken body, weary soul,
Thou shalt hereafter be made whole.

Rejoice, my soul, rejoice,
The promises are sure,
That Christ has made to those
Who shall all things endure;
Into His hands thy all then give,
For thus to die is but to live.

MY BIRTHDAY.

My birthday's here, and thirty years
Upon the scroll of time appears;
I scarce can think as I look back
Along life's winding, rugged track,
That since the day I started out,
Full thirty milestones mark the route.

As I have nothing else to do,
I'm going back, life's way to view;
Perhaps some things will plainer be
When at the present viewed by me,
Perhaps I'll glean some truth or song,
Unprized when I first went along.

I may find in some quiet nook
True words I lost from time's own book,
While I sought then, in higher ways
Ambitious thoughts to fill my days;
I care not for ambition now,
It failed to crown my youthful brow.

Once more I look upon the place
When I began with timid grace
To tread with baby feet the way
I've followed thirty years to-day;
Weak and slow my steps were then,
But often weaker still they've been.

Oh, not alone in infant years
My journey o'er life's path appears,

For there was one, my steps to guide,
Who constant watching by my side
Placed then for me the first mile-stone,
Which in its pureness stands alone.

The loving hands that placed it there
Were often clasped for me in prayer,
The thoughts that in her mind did glow,
Only fond mother minds may know ;
I learned that truth when older grown
When baby fingers held my own.

Without much change the years went by,
Sometimes life's path was rough and dry,
But often flowers grew by the way,
And birds sang all the livelong day;
Till I a thoughtless child, forsooth,
Reached the mile-stone of happy youth.

On it was written eight years plain,
I crowned it with a daisy chain
And snowdrops, in their pureness rife,
Fit emblems of my pure young life ;
Those fair flowers perished, but that stone
Still marks for me the years then flown.

I follow on and marvel not,
As memory seeks each dear spot,
That then I loved to linger so
Where only fairest flowers did grow ;
Of all life's path on which I gaze
The brightest led through childhood days.

Soon duty pointed out the way
And taught me how, from day to day,
I should seek knowledge, good and true,
And wisdom on life's pathway too;
I went the way she bade me take,
But knowledge sought for its own sake.

Perhaps those years I liked the best
When day brought study, night sweet rest;
My life from every care was free,
Its pathway then was smooth for me,
Marking its years mile-stones were seen,
'Till I had passed by just sixteen.

Then time seemed to have made a change,
Life's path included broader range;
I recall how, though years have fled,
I became guide, where I'd been led.
And showing others wisdom's ways,
I passed along through happy days.

Did I but wish I here might trace
Some comic scene or funny place
I've found in retrospective view,
Along the way that I passed through;
Yet what in youth funny appears,
Might bring no smile at thirty years.

Time moved along, 'till at eighteen,
Life's fairest, broadest ways I'd seen;
Fortune her brightest gifts did bring,

And life seemed a most glorious thing,
'Till I awoke to learn one morn,
That every rose conceals a thorn.

And now, to-day, as I look back
Along life's memory-guarded track,
Through all the years that intervene
Since they numbered for me eighteen,
I find more thorns than flowers grew,
More clouds than sunshine meet my view.

'Tis only sadness to recall
Those latter years, grief marks them all;
Life's pathway led by barren ways,
And gloom o'ershadowed many days;
Few were the joys my life to cheer
Along the last slow journey here.

My birthday! let me pause in thought
Upon the change that has been wrought;
Who could have known that life's pathway,
Strewn with fair flowers in childhood's day,
Would lead my weary steps at last
Where many thorns and stones were cast?

Well for us all, that Mercy here
Hides the future and hope stays near.
No more the Past I will recall,
But gently now its veil shall fall
Over the scenes of joy and tears
My life has known in thirty years.

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